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WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS,
RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,
DESCRIPTION OF COSTUMES AND THE WHOLE OF THE
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DOT; THE MINER'S DAUGHTER,

—OR—

ONE GLASS OF WINE.

A DRAMA,

IN FOUR ACTS,

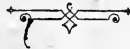
—BY—

LIZZIE MAY ELWYN,

—O—

— TO WHICH IS ADDED —

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.



“Look not thou upon the wine when it is red. At the last it
biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.”

—X—

Written in memory of, and respectfully dedicated to, the ‘Domns
Club,’ as a token of my sincere friendship and esteem.

“AUNT BEEKY.”

—O—

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—CLYDE, OHIO:—

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DOT; THE MINER'S DAUGHTER. HV 5069

CHARACTERS. ES

- DAVID MASON.....A farmer.
 - HERBERT MASON.....David's son—just from college.
 - ROYAL MEADOWS.....Foster-son of Mrs. Clifton.
 - ARTHUR FLOYD.....A villain.
 - GEORGE CLIFTON.....A returned Californian.
 - PARSON SWIFT.....An astonished clergyman.
 - BILL TORRY.....A boatman—Floyd's confederate.
 - BREWSTER.....Police officer.
 - EBONY.....A colored individual.
 - MRS. MASON.....David's wife—a good adviser.
 - DOLORES ——?.....The miner's daughter.
 - MRS. CLIFTON.....George Clifton's deserted wife.
 - WINNIFRED CLIFTON.....Mrs. Clifton's daughter.
 - HAPZIBAH.....A lady of color.
- Bride's maid, ladies and gentlemen.

—x—

TIME—PRESENT.

—o—

Time of Representation—About two hours.

—x—

COSTUMES.

DAVID.—Gray wig, sunburned face strongly lined, short gray beard. *First and second acts*—Pants and vest of coarse gray cloth, rather loose, white shirt, gingham kerchief knotted loosely about neck, battered straw hat. *Third and fourth acts*—Old fashioned black suit and silk hat, high collar and black kerchief for neck.

FLOYD.—Fashionable suit, flashy jewelry, handsome dress suit for wedding.

HERBERT AND ROYAL.—Stylish suits.

GEORGE CLIFTON.—Miner's red shirt, black pants, high boots, black slouch hat, full beard, sunburnt face.

EBONY.—*First act*—Suit of cotton, long linen duster, white hat; changes to red shirt, cotton paps, long apron, *Second act*—plaid pants and jacket, very short. *Scene 2nd.*—Overalls much torn, very short jacket, battered hat. *Third act*—Red shirt, cotton pants, long apron. *Scene 2nd.*—White pants, yellow vest, very high collar, red tie, plaid coat. *Fourth act*—Heavy suit.

BREWSTER.—Policeman's uniform.

PARSON SWIFT.—Long white beard and hair, long gown, white surplice.

TORRY.—Shaggy hair and beard, face deeply sunburned, sailor's shirt, boots outside pants, ragged hat.

MRS. MASON.—Gray hair done up in twist, dark print dress and apron; old fashioned black dress, cap, etc., for wedding.

DOLORES.—Neat suit; white dress and veil for wedding.

MRS. CLIFTON AND WINNIFRED.—Dress to suit taste, with wraps for *first and third acts*.

BRIDESMAID.—White dress.

HAPZOBAH.—Dress and turban of extravagant colors, apron, etc. *Scene 2nd.*—Night-gown, cap, etc. *Act third.*—Bright yellow dress, white stockings, low shoes, white apron, turban and kerchief, quantities of blue and red ribbon. *Fourth act*—same as *first act*.

Rachel, the Fire Waif.

A DRAMA

IN FOUR ACTS.

—BY—

Lizzie May Elwyn,

Author of "*Dot, the Miner's Daughter*," "*Scitched off*," etc.

—o—

—TO WHICH IS ADDED—

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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RACHEL, THE FIRE WAIF.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

EVERARD ERLESCOURT,.....	<i>Aged millionaire.</i>
NATHAN ELLSWORTH,.....	<i>Old sailor.</i>
ELMER ELLSWORTH,.....	<i>Nathan's foster-son.</i>
EUGENE BURLEIGH,.....	<i>Nathan's nephew.</i>
HARVEY JACKSON,.....	<i>Plotting for money.</i>
ROGER BROCK,.....	<i>Jackson's accomplice.</i>
BARNEY RYAN,.....	<i>With detective aspirations.</i>
SOPHY ELLSWORTH,.....	<i>Nathan's maiden sister.</i>
RACHEL,.....	<i>The Fire Waif.</i>
DRUSILLA STERLING,.....	<i>A school ma'am.</i>
TABITHA,.....	<i>Colored.</i>

—x—

TIME OF PERFORMANCE—2 hours.

—x—

TIME.—The Present.

—x—

COSTUMES.

EVERARD ERLESCOURT.—Gray wig, long gray whiskers and mustache, black suit, silk hat, cane and gloves. Evening suit for tableau.

NATHAN.—Acts 1st. and 2nd. Short white crop beard, long white hair, ends rolled under, face sunburned and lined. Act 3rd. Rough suit, such as fishermen wear. Act 4th and tableau. Old fashioned black suit and hat, high collar and black handkerchief for neck.

EUGENE.—Act 2nd. Full beard and wig, sailor suit, no hat. Clothes may be sprinkled with ising glass to give them the appearance of being wet. Act 3rd. Common business suit with hat. Act 4th. Stylish suit, no beard. Tableau. Evening suit.

ROGER.—Act 2nd. Long black coat, silk hat, white choker. Act 3rd. Rough coat, slouched hat. Act 4th. Stylish suit.

BARNEY.—Acts 1st. and 2nd. Red wig, crop beard. Sailor suit. Act 3rd. Any fantastic uniform for first scene, second scene, rough suit. Act 4th. and tableau. Policeman's uniform.

ELMER.—Act 1st. Rubber coat and boots, fireman's hat. Act 2nd. Short hunting jacket, high boots, soft hat and a gun. Act 3rd. Red blouse, black pantaloons, black cap with "Deluge" printed on the front, also a belt with the same name on it. He should be sprinkled with cotton, to represent snow. Act 4th. Stylish suit. Tableau. Evening dress suit.

HARVEY.—Act 3rd. Stylish suit, overcoat and hat. Act 4th. Dress suit.

DRUSILLA.—Act 1st. Tea gown. Acts 2nd and 3rd. Dark dress, with long black cloak. Act 4th. Neat street costume. Tableau. Evening dress.

TABITHA.—Act 1st. Grotesque dress, bonnet, shawl, carpet bag and bundles. Act 2nd. Highly colored dress, turban and apron. Act 3rd. Short red petticoat, white night-sack, reaching below the

waist, white night cap with full ruffle around the face, stockings and shoes slipshod. Act 4th. Same as act 2nd. Tableau. Yellow dress with white turban, apron and neck handkerchief.

SOPHY.—Gray hair done up in twist, dark print dress and apron. Any similar dress for change. Old fashioned bonnet and shawl for act 4th. Black silk for tableau.

RACHEL.—Act 1st. Light gingham dress, hair in long braid. Act 2nd. Blue boating costume, sailor hat. Act 3rd. Plain house dress of dark material. Act 4th. Elegant tea gown, hair stylishly dressed.

—x—

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Nathan Ellsworth's home—Ray asleep—Alarm of fire—Ray and Drusilla—"I am a Fire Waif"—The two papers—Report of Eugene Burleigh's death—Aunt Sophy and Barney get into a row—Tabitha packs her valise—Elmer and Ray—Nathan and Barney arrive with Harvey Jackson, who has assumed the name of Eugene Burleigh, who has been rescued from the fire—Drusilla recognizes him—The threat of murder—Barney sings "Swate Little Buther Cup."

ACT II.—Storm—Sophy gives Nathan a piece of her mind—Parson Green receives a rough reception—Thunder and lightning—Jackson recognizes Parson Green, alias Brock—The threat—Brock relates a little story—The plot to murder Elmer Ellsworth and Eugene Burleigh—Barney and Tabitha—Storm continues—Elmer starts for the Lighthouse—Jackson and Ray—The wrecked ship—Ray implores Jackson to go to Elmer's rescue, which he refuses—"Coward, I will save him"—Elmer Ray and Eugene Burleigh—Eugene disguised as Capt. Brown—Drusilla recognizes his voice—Tabitha's oath.

ACT III.—The forged check—Drusilla again becomes a wanderer—Eugene discovers her note to Ray—Abduction of Eugene Burleigh—Barney is an eye witness—Jackson accuses Elmer of forging the check and helps him to escape—A lost letter—Tabitha, Barney and the flour barrel—Jackson tells Ray about the check—"I never will believe him guilty"—A three month's promise—Nathan and Sophy—"It's my opinion it's a put up job"—Barney's pledge.

ACT IV.—Ray as the wife of Jackson—The abuse—Jackson and Brock—"I'll be even with you"—"Your doom is sealed"—Nathan, Sophy and Elmer in search of Ray—The lost letter turns up, which unravels the mystery of Drusilla—Eugene Burleigh gives a history of the past, which clears Drusilla of the crime of murder and reveals to Ray that Drusilla is her sister—The explosion, in which Jack is killed and envelopes the house in flames—Firemen rescue the party.

—x—

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Center; S. E. [2d E.] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; E. C., Right of Center; L. C., Left of Center.

R. C. H. R. C. L. C. L.

*** The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

a.m.P., Oct. 20, 1901

RACHEL, THE FIRE WAIF.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Kitchen at NATHAN ELLSWORTH'S—lounge R. H., table L., H., chair R., flour barrel covered with board, L.—RACHEL discovered asleep on lounge, fire bell heard.

Enter DRUSILLA, R. E.

Drusilla. Ray! asleep?

Ray. (*stirring up*) Oh, Drusie, I'm so glad that you awakened me! I was having an awful dream. (*listens, bells heard in distance*) Bells! then it was not all a dream.

Dru. No, not if you were dreaming of fire. There is a fire in the village, and feeling sure that you would not retire, I came down to keep you company.

Ray. I'm so glad you did! I must have been asleep a long time, for I did not know when aunt Sophy retired. Has Elmer gone to the fire.

Dru. Yes, and so have Mr. Ellsworth and Barney.

Ray. (*looking out of window*) Oh! what shall we do?

(*dropping on lounge, she hurries her face in the pillow*)

Dru. (*putting her arm around RAY*) Why, you little goose, you are trembling like a leaf in the wind! Why is it that you fear fire, even at a safe distance?

Ray. From my early associations, I suppose. Eugene was a fireman.

Dru. Eugene!

Ray. Yes, Eugene saved me from the fire in Chicago, you know, and hearing him relate the horrors of that time, has bred such a fear of fire in my heart, that I am nearly frantic when I know one is raging.

Dru. I do not understand you. How came you in the Chicago fire?

Ray. Why! do you not know that I am a fire waif?

Dru. I did not. Are you not Mr. Ellsworth's niece?

Ray. No, Eugene, who rescued me from the fire was the only son of uncle Nate's sister. She died when Eugene was a small boy, and uncle Nate and aunt Sophy cared for him. When he was fifteen,

uncle Nate wished him to follow the sea, but he, having other inclinations, rebelled, hot words followed and Eugene left the house, which he has never since entered. At the time of the Chicago fire, he was in that ill fated city, and he saved me from a burning hotel. It is supposed that my parents perished in the flames.

Dru. That was a sad time, one that left many families desolate. My parents perished in that dreadful conflagration. Fearing that our residence would be destroyed, we left it and sought refuge in a hotel that seemed to be out of the line of fire, but suddenly it was enveloped in flames, and in the panic that followed, I was separated from my parents and little sister. My grandfather saved me, but could find nothing of the others.

Ray. Oh, Drusie, how sad! (*loud ringing of bells*) Another alarm, (*looking out of window*) I fear the village is all burning-up. (*walking wildly about*) Oh, dear, dear!

Dru. Rachel, Rachel, child!

Ray. Drusie, do not call me Rachel. I cannot feel that it is my name.

Dru. It is a sweet name to me, for it was my mother's.

Ray. Your mother's! I also think it was my mother's name. (*taking a locket from her bosom*) This locket was clasped in my hand when Gene took me from the arms of the dead woman, who I think was my mother. It is all I have of home and friends. The name "Rachel" is engraved on the inside of the case, on the outside R. E. in monogram. (*opens locket and passes it to DRUSILLA*) See!

Dru. (*looking at locket*) Great heavens!

(*sways unsteadily and is caught by RAY, who assists her to lounge*)

Ray. Why Drusie, what is the matter?

Dru. I—I—

(*lays back, exit RAY, L. E.*)

Re-enter RAY, L. E., with a glass of wine.

Ray. Here Drusie, drink this.

(*putting the glass to DRUSILLA'S lips*)

Dru. (*dashing the glass to the floor and springing up*) Never again put to my lips liquor of any kind. It is a deadly poison.

Ray. Pardon me, Drusie, but you looked so ill, I thought a little wine would revive you.

Dru. And it did—revived scenes that I would gladly forget. Forgive me, dear, I have broken your glass and hurt your feelings.

Ray. (*picking up broken glass*) Never mind my feelings, but won't you get a piece of aunt Sophy's mind for breaking her glass!

Dru. Do you think the pictures in that locket are those of your parents?

Ray. I feel confident of it.

Dru. I think you are right. (*puts her arm around RAY*) Dear little Raella!

Ray. What? What did you call me? Say it again, Drusie, it seemed like a flash of light upon the darkness of my memory—Drusie, do you know those pictures? You came from Chicago—Oh, Drusie, you do know something of my history!

Dru. Hush! Who said that I came from Chicago? Have I not told you that my native place was in England?

Ray. Yes, but to-night you have told me of your home in Chicago. Oh! Drusie, you came to us, a stranger, in need of care and friend.

ship. We gladly gave you both. Not once have we tried to pry into your past history, though you have been with us a year, but now I beg you to tell me what you know of me.

Dru. Shall I tell it to you if the telling will cost me my life?

Ray. Drusie!

Dru. Can you not trust me yet a little longer? I did recognize those pictures and firmly believe them to be of your parents. but to tell you all I know, would cause me more misery than I can bear. Some day I will tell you, but I cannot now. Oh, Ray, I cannot.

Ray. Drusie, tell me this, were they respectable and are they dead?

Dru. Yes, they are among the honored dead.

Ray. One more question, please? Did you ever know E. P. Burleigh? I ask, because Eugene P. Burleigh was the name of our Gene, and in getting some papers for Tabby to put on the shelves, yesterday, I found an article about E. P. Burleigh, of Chicago. I thought you might know about it, or know the man. I hope it wasn't our Gene, for this man was murdered.

Dru. Oh!

Ray. There you go again! I never before had an idea that you were hysterical.

Dru. Get the paper, Ray, I want to see it.

Ray. Yes, you want to faint again, don't you!

Dru. Get it, I shall not faint.

Ray. I'll get it, but it is not good for your nerves, *(exit R. E.)*

Dru. Oh, what am I about to hear? How much can flesh and blood endure? Oh! Raella, my sister, how can I see you day after day and not claim your love? No, I dare not tell her, I must live on, the lie I am. How can I eat the bread of Eugene's kindred and receive the favors that they bestow upon the unknown slayer of their boy? Oh, Eugene, my husband, you are avenged!

(sits in chair R., bowing her head on the back)

Enter RAY, R. E., with paper.

Ray. Here are the two papers, I saved them because of the name.

Dru. Read it, Ray.

Ray. (going towards table) All right, but do not faint. *(reads)* "Scandal in high life. Last Wednesday evening the wife of Judge Harlowe, of this city, gave a lawn party, which was attended by society's upper ten. During the evening wine was served, as is usual in high society, and some indulged more freely than was good for them. E. P. Burleigh, a gentleman of high standing and a prominent lawyer, became quite silly and indulged in a pronounced flirtation with one of the young ladies. His wife, an accomplished lady, grand daughter of the Hon. Everard Erlescourt and, before marriage, a reigning belle, became unable to conceal her anger. Different parties have stated that they were heard disputing at the foot of the lawn beside the lake, and that Mrs. Burleigh was heard to exclaim, 'I have a mind to kill you!' It is feared that she carried her threat into execution. Though what has become of her, cannot be conjectured." *(RAY lays down paper)* Horrible, is it not?

Dru. Dreadful, dreadful! Read the other paper.

Ray. (reading) "The water gives up it's dead. The Hon. Everard Erlescourt has identified the decomposed body found by the lake,

as that of his granddaughter's husband, E. P. Burleigh.

DRUSILLA starts up with a cry, hurries L., falling into the arms of BARNEY, who is entering.

Barney. Faix now, an' it's niver afore was oi afther havin' sich a hape of swateness fall intil me arrums! Begorra now an is it slape walkin' she are?

Ray. She is faint, Barney, put her on the-lounge, while I get something to restore her. *(goes towards L., to cupboard)*

Bar. Faint is she! *(puts DRUSILLA on lounge)* Faix an' there's nothin' better than burnt faythers.

(seizes chair cushion and tears it open)

Enter AUNT SOPHY, R. E.—she wears a large night-cap and carries a pillow stuffed full, she surveys the scene, when her eyes light on BARNEY, she springs forward and strikes him over the head with the pillow slip, he falls on his knees.

Sophy. Take that, you good-for-nothing destructive critter! A tearing up my live goose feather cushion. Live goose! Do you hear?

Bar. *(getting up)* Don't be afther callin' me er live goose. It's more loike er dead Irishman I am shure! Faith, an' are it bricks yer havin' in that bag?

Sophy. Bricks! them's my stockings, What is the matter with Miss Sterling?

Ray. She was faint. *(to DRUSILLA)* Do you feel better now, Drusie?

Dru. Yes, thank you, I feel quite well again.

Sophy. It's them nasty little animals that's worrying the life out of you.

Bar. Und why didn't yez be afther saying so afore. Oi wad have kilt 'em entoirly wid a shillalah! Rats niver yit got ther best of Barney Ryan.

Ray. Oh Barney, you foolish boy, aunt Sophy means the school children that Miss Sterling teaches.

Bar. An' Oi was afther thinkin' it's rats er bed bugs she's maning. *(bells ring)*

Ray. Another alarm, the fire has broken out anew. Aunt Sophy, do you think we are in any danger?

Sophy. I hope not. *(looks out L.)* Sakes alive! The wind is right this way, and I'm afraid some o' them sparks will come over here!

Bar. Shure, Miss Sophy, an' it's yersilf as naden't be afther worritin. It's niver er spark as will coom anigh yez at all, at all!

Sophy. Shut up, block head, what do you know about it?

Bar. An' ain't it mesilf as has been sparkin' mony er toime! but it's niver an ould maid Oi've wint anigh yit!

Sophy. Get out of this house afore I knock you down ag'in! I'd like to know why you ain't down to the fire?

Bar. An' that's what Oi coom ter tell yez. It's a pace of bad news, shure!

Ray. Is Elmer hurt?

Bar. Shure, an' it's the other wane.

Sophy. What has happened to Nate? Answer quick, afore I break your head.

Bar. It's mesilf as waster do the breakin' shure. Break it gintly, says he—

Sophy. (*raising pillowslip*) Out with it, an' don't stand jabbering there. What has happened?

Bar. Don't be affther strikin' Barney Ryan agin wid ye ould stockin', or it's mesilf as moight be forgittun yez a wake faymale.

Sophy. (*seizing BARNEY by shoulders, shakes him violently*) A weak female am I? (*shakes*) I'll see if you can't ansver a civil question. (*shakes*) I've stood as much of your sass as I'm goin' to. (*shakes him, boxes his ears and pushes him towards door L.*) There start yourself down to the village, where you can be of some use. I'll go and see for myself what the matter is.

Bar. (*runs out left, then puts his head inside and bawls out*) Faix an' Oi take it all back, there is niver a wake bone in yer body at all, at all, but it's yersilf as betther stay in ther house, for it's master Eugene coom back alive an' well, an' all burnt till er cinder!

Omnes. What!

It's bringing him in a cart, they are. (*exit L. E.*)

Sophy. (*running L., calls*) Barney! Barney! Barney Ryan! (*BARNEY heard singing in the distance*) That boy is a born idiot!

Ray. It must be that Eugene has come to the village, is injured and that they are bringing him home. We must prepare a place for him.

Sophy. Oh, our Genie must not come home to die!

Dra. It seems quite evident that some one is hurt or killed, and—as my room is the best one, I will go at once and get it ready.

Ray. You are so kind, Drusie! go, and I will look for bandages, and whatever may be needed. (*exit DRUSILLA, R. E.*)

Sophy. Where in the world is that old nigger? She is never around when she is wanted.

Ray. It is nearly midnight. Where would you expect her to be?

Sophy. Abed, I suppose. I believe she would sleep if the last trump had sounded. (*going R., calls*) Tabithy! Tab-i-ty! I say Tabithy!

Tabitha. (*outside R.*) Ya'as! you jess keep right on hollerin'!

Ray. Do get up, Tabby, and come out as soon as you can.

Tabby. I'se gwine ter come soon's ebber I git's all dat 'longs to me.

Enter TABITHA, R. E., carrying carpet bag and band box, while on her back is strapped a large bundle.

Nebber you fret, honey, dis ole 'ooman been from the fire afore.

Ray. Why, Tabby, there is no danger to us, the fire is nearly two miles away.

Tabby. Don't go fo' ter be too sartin, chile. Ye don't spose dem folks out in Cawgo spect one ole cow gwine ter stroy de hull city, does ye?

Sophy. The fire's all out, so start yerself and get off that rig, so to help me. They are bringing somebody killed or hurt. Hurry up now!

Tabby. Well, I 'clare!

Sophy. (*seizing TABITHA by the arm*) Come, don't bother around, start right off. (*exit TABITHA and SOPHY, R. E.*)

Ray. (*picking up torn cushion*) Dear old Gene, I hope he is not

much hurt. For eleven long years I have had no news of him. He will scarcely recognize the child of six, whom he left sobbing on Tabby's faithful breast, when he embarked on his first sea voyage.

Enter ELMER, L. E.

Elmer. Ah, Ray, here you are! Have you heard the news?

Ray. Is it true? Is it really Eugene?

Elmer. I suppose there is no doubt about it, I dragged him out of the Seaport House and uncle Nate searched him to find a clue to his identity. In his pockets were letters addressed to Eugene Burleigh, and the same name was marked on his pocket-book.

Ray. Oh, Elmer, I am so glad!—but you do not look a bit glad. What is it? Is he seriously injured?

Elmer. No, I trust he is not much hurt, but I am afraid, little sister, afraid that this man will prove a snake in paradise.

Ray. This man! A nice way to speak of one whom you have professed to love like a brother.

Elmer. I loved the noble lad who went away, but this man with marks of dissipation on his face is obnoxious to me.

Ray. What do you mean? Speak out!

Elmer. Ray, do not be angry with me, the love I feel for you, is not a brother's love. Oh! Ray, I have tried to tell you, to make you understand, but you would not. Now this man is coming, and I feel that he will come between us.

Ray. Elmer, you have been a dear brother to me and I dislike to hurt your feelings, but when you talk like that you make me angry. Gene has been more than a brother to me, he was father and mother to me for four years. I owe him my life, yes, had it not been for him, I should never have known you. For he left money with Tabby to care for me till he returned, and if he was lost, to take me to aunt Sophy, so when he failed to come home, Tabby brought me here. Poor boy! no doubt but that the marks of dissipation, which you thought you saw, were the effects of suffering and want.

Elmer. He is not needy. We found plenty of money, besides a bottle of whiskey in his pocket.

Ray. Elmer, you are unjust. Every traveler carries liquor. Please do not talk to me any more, you are jealous, and I dislike jealous people. *(exit R. E.)*

Elmer. It has began! The trouble that I felt would come with that man. *(exit R. E.)*

Enter NATE and BARNEY, L. E., carrying HARVEY JACKSON, whom they put on lounge.

Bar. Faix, an' it's moighty hivy he's aafter bein'! It's mesilf as is thired entirely wid carryin' him, shure, an' I's aafter visitin' mesilf wid somethin' ter ate.

(stily takes bottle from JACKSON'S pocket, and exits, R. E.)

Nate. I wonder where everybuddy is? It's rather curis that he don't move nor say nothin'. I can't see that he's hurt much. Guess I'll hunt up Tabby, she'll bring him 'round. *(exit R. E.)*

Enter DRUSILLA, R. E.

Dr. *(advancing cautiously)* Is it he? Is it my husband alive? I must know, I cannot wait. *(looks into JACKSON'S face and starts back)*

Harvey Jackson!

Jackson. (*springing up*) You! Don't dare to mention that name here, I am Eugene Burleigh. Dare to betray me and I will denounce you for what you are—a murderess!

Dru. Man, why have you come here? What vile scheme have you in hand that you assume the name of Eugene Burleigh?

Jack. Ha, ha! "Some are born great, some have greatness thrust upon them." I was looking for my fair cousin, Drusilla, when I fell into the hands of yonder old idiot, who transformed me into his long lost heir. I shall take what goods the gods provide, and depend upon you to aid me.

Dru. Oh! Harvey Jackson, have you no mercy, that you come to torture me now? I will never aid you to swindle these good people, never!

Jack. Mighty conscientious! You have forgotten who helped you to cut and run, thereby cheating the law—a fool I was too, with only you between the Erlescourt millions and me; but I couldn't bear to think of the hemp around that pretty throat.

Dru. Oh! that I had never heeded your advice. Better to have faced the consequences of my mad act, than to suffer the remorse that I now feel, the torment of a fugitive from justice. By day and by night I seem to see my husband's reproachful eyes—to hear his death cry ringing in my ears. In my dreams I live over those moments of horror, and when I would start up and cry for mercy, countless hands seem holding me down. Oh! it is horrible, horrible!

(*sinks into chair, covering her face with her hands*)

Jack. Well, serves you right, you jilted me for that milk-sop, Burleigh, an ex-sailor, a struggling lawyer, whom you helped to a top round of the ladder and then taunted him with what you had done, twitted him with being a milk-sop, till he, to prove his manliness, drank his first glass. Then were you satisfied? No, you murdered him.

Dru. Hush! You know that when I pushed him from me, I had no thought that he would fall into the lake. Oh! what have I done to you that you rejoice in my misery!

Jack. Done? You have jilted me, spurned my offer of marriage and induced my grandfather to will his millions to you. But you will never dare to claim the property. If you want a share of it, you must take me, I am the heir now, and you are in my power.

Dru. Do not think to frighten me, rather than assist in your vile plots, I will give my secret to the world.

Jack. Shut up! Some one comes.

(*lies back on lounge—exit DRUSILLA, R. U. E.*)

Enter BARNEY, L. E. and SOPHY, R. E.

Bar. (*singing*) Swate little butther coop, dear little butther coop—
(*hic*) butther coop! (*staggers*) Mish Shopphy, (*hic*) yez air me swate
(*hic*) butther coop.

Sophy. You miserable drunken brute, how dare you come into my house in such a state?

Bar. Sthate! niver more shober in me loif, ish yersilf am drunk, but I'll (*hic*) schuse yez, ish great casion. (*takes bottle from his pocket, tin cup from table, pours liquor in it*) Here's to Mish Shoffe, ther swate little butther coop. (*puts cup towards his mouth*)

Sophy. (seizes pillow slip and flings it at BARNEY, knocking the cup from his hand) Take that you drunken sot. Now get out of my sight, afore I be the death of ye.

Bar. (gazing around) There's mony er shlip 'tween ther coop (hic) an' ther lip, I'd niver heard 'twas piller shlip (hic.) Kish me, me darlint an' lesh make oop.

BARNEY lurches towards SOPHY, who strikes him and knocks him back on JACKSON, who springs to his feet, letting BARNEY fall to the floor.

Jack. The devil!

Bar. (sitting up) Yesh, thath's right, (hic) allus sthan oop when yer incherjuce yerself, (hic.)

—Enter NATE and ELMER, L. E., RAY and DRUSILLA, R. E. and TABITHA, C. E.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—Same as in Act I—SOPHY discovered kneading dough at table, L., NATE sits R. of fire place, mending a fish net.

Nate. Sophy, do you know anything about Elmer? I ain't seen him for more'n two hours.

Sophy. (shortly) That's an awful long time, ain't it!

Nate. Shorter'n pie crust! But it's no use ter git huffy. I ain't a goin' ter be driv out of my own house jest 'cause I smell of fish. I asked about Elmer, 'cause I feared he was on the water, there's a storm brewin'.

Sophy. He has gone duck hunting.

Nate. Out to the Island? (throws down net and goes to the door c.) If he ain't in afore this, he is in great danger.

Sophy. (kneading spitefully) And Nate Ellsworth, you are to blame for it, you and that gal. You're drivin' him to destruction. It's all Eugene with you an' her, while Elmer ain't noticed at all. When he was just as good as engaged to her, too!

Nate. (coming down front) Git out! She belongs to Gene.

(RAY at C. E.)

Sophy. Gene indeed! He ain't a fit husband for no decent girl, and he can't have my Rachel. Elmer is the one she would choose if she was let alone.

Nate. Sho! If you had common sense, you could see that Elmer is sweet on the school ma'am.

Sophy. Common sense, indeed! I am glad there's one in the family that knows so much.

(puts dough in a pan and leaving it on the table, whisks out L.)

Nate. Now she's got her back up! (sees RAY) Hallo, little gal! Got home afore the storm, didn't ye? (wind whistles outside)

Ray. Yes, I have been home some time. (aside) The school ma'am! Elmer in love with Drusie? It cannot be.

Nate. Just hurry up the supper, that's a dear, I'm going to look

for Elmer.

(*thunder, throws net on table, exit NATE, L. E.*)

Ray. To look for Elmer! Can he be on the water in this storm?
I will see if his boat is gone. (exit C. E.)

Enter SOPHY, R. E.—lightning followed by thunder.

Sophy. Ough! a bad night for sailors. (*sees net*) Well, of all the aggravating men, Nate Ellsworth is the aggravatingest! That nasty old fish net right on my bread board.

(*snatches up net and flings it L., striking ROGER BROCK*)

Enter ROGER BROCK, L. E., disguised as parson GREEN—lightning.

Brock. The—ahem! It appears that I am caught in a fair lady's net at last.

Sophy. What are you here after? Walkin' into a strange house without knockin'. (*thunder*)

Brock. I wish to see Mr. Eugene Burleigh. Allow me to introduce myself as parson Ezra Green.

Sophy. Humph! If you'se green, I ain't. Eugene don't keep the company of no parsons. If you want to see him, you can look for him around some of them pesky summer hotel billiard halls. Now clear out, I don't like the looks of you.

Brock. (*aside*) You will like the looks of me less before I'm done with this family, old woman. (*aloud*) My dear young lady, it is useless to attempt to deceive one so wise as you. As the magnet draws the needle, so hast thou drawn from afar thine adorer. (*drops on his knees before SOPHY*) Beautiful maiden—

Sophy. (*catches BROCK by the nose*) You miserable old skinflint! (*slaps his face*) take that! (*slap*) an' see (*slap*) if you'll come here again (*slap*) pokin' fun at me. (*she stands with her hands on her hips, while BROCK rises*) Now start (*pointing L.*) afore I empty a kittle o' water on ye! (*thunder and lightning*)

Enter JACKSON, L. E.

Jack. You!

Brock. My dear boy, so glad to see you!

Sophy. That man has business with you, but the sooner you get him out of this house the better. (*exit R. E.*)

Jack. Roger Brock, what has brought you here?

Brock. Sh! I'm parson Green.

Jack. Curses on you, what do you want?

Brock. Money.

(*lightning*)

Jack. I have none.

Brock. Raise some then. You see I've been on your trail and know that you have discovered old Erlescourt's heiress in the little waif. You mean to marry her, don't you?

Jack. I don't know what you are talking about. (*thunder*)

Brock. Well, I do. Why are you here under the name of Burleigh? (*pause*) You do not answer. Well, feeling a bit curious, I hunted the matter up—I will tell you. When the old man Ellsworth found Eugene Ellsworth's bank book and purse in your pocket, you, rather than explain your possession of them, played off as Burleigh. Am I right?

Jack. What are you driving at?

Brock. I'm driving you to the wall, old boy. Now how came you with Burleigh's bank book?

Jack. You think you know so much, you may explain that.

Brock. I can. When Drusilla Burleigh accidentally pushed her husband into the lake, you played upon her fears till she fled like a criminal, you knew he being a good swimmer, would not drown, and hunting him up, you caused him to believe that his wife was glad to be rid of him. He, mad with wounded pride, vowed never to see her false face again and started for Australia. Not being satisfied with the mischief you had done, you followed him, and on the plains of that distant land, you—

Jack. Stop!

Brock. Stabbed and robbed him.

Jack. Will nothing keep you still?

Brock. Money.

Jack. I can't give you money now, but when I have married Ray, the waif—

(*thunder and lightning*)

Brock. Don't be too sure. You may never handle old Ellsworth's millions. Sometimes plans get awfully upset.

Jack. What do you mean?

Brock. I mean that you must do something at once, or your fat is in the fire. Eugene Burleigh will be in this harbor to-night—unless something prevents.

(*lightning*)

Jack. Impossible!

Brock. He started from Portsmouth in a yacht this morning.

Jack. If this is true, I am undone.

Brock. Why don't you finish your job?

Jack. Can you help me?

Brock. If you furnish the plan and the money.

Jack. The old lightkeeper is alone. If he should fall into the sea and drown and the light should go out, that yacht might in the storm, be wrecked.

(*lightning and thunder*)

Brock. Exactly. There are two men in the yacht with Burleigh.

Jack. What of that?

Brock. The lightkeeper makes four—quite a risk, and worth a pile.

Jack. (*takes a roll of bills from his pocket and counts them*) Here are five hundred dollars, when the job is done, I will give you five hundred more.

(*lightning*)

Brock. (*taking bills*) Very well, the sooner I begin, the better. Come and help me find a boat.

(*exeunt L. E.*)

Enter SOPHY, R. E.

Sophy. (*looking at slip of paper which she holds in her hand*) I guess I'll try that new receipt—sakes alive, the teakettle ain't on!

(*puts paper on table and exits R. E.*)

Enter BARNEY, C. E.

Bar. (*looking around*) Niver a bite ter ate do Oi foind. (*sees receipt*) A note is it? It's afther kapin' it Oi'll be. (*puts paper in his pocket*) Och, Barney, me bye, it's er detecthiv yez'll make some foine day!

Enter SOPHY, R. E., with teakettle, which she hangs over the fire.

Sophy. (looking on table) Barney Ryan!

Bar. Mum?

Sophy. Have you took that receipt?

Bar. Faith, Miss Sophy, an' Oi dunno. Are it ketchun?

Sophy. You'll catch it if you don't let things alone.

Bar. Oeh! but it's vaccinated Oi've been.

Sophy. You would aggravate a saint!

Bar. (barking towards R.) Begorra, an' that's no soign is it, that Oi'd be aggravatin' yez at all, at all!

Enter ELMER and RAY, L. E.

Sophy. Well Elmer, I'm glad to see you safe. Did you go duck hunting?

Bar. Phat er divil ave er question! When it's hissill as has fetched home sich er foine doock!

Sophy. Git out of here. I'll see if I can't speak without being sassed by you—start!

(*she runs towards BARNEY, he runs R., colliding with TABITHA*)

Enter TABITHA, R. E., with a tin baker, BARNEY falls to the floor, dough nuts, cookies, etc., fall from his pockets—thunder and lightning.

Bar. (rubbing his head) Begorra, an' it's strook wid thunder Oi am!

Tabby. You great gump head! don' yer know bettah dan ter hit up agiu dese yere biskit like dat?

Bar. Bisket are it? Shure an, they're that hard, they'll be afther killin' ivery wane ave us entirely.

Sophy. Now Barney Ryan, you jest pick up the stuff you've jounced out of your pockets and leave this kitchen. Don't you come in ag'in till your called. (exit R. E.)

Tabby. (takes pan of dough from table and places it in a chair, then puts baker on the table and proceeds to arrange biscuits in it) Spec' we hab no supper ternight if you'se gwine ter stay 'roun'.

(*puts baker before the fire*)

Bar. (gathering up doughnuts) Ouch, an' it's er hard phlace it is, atween an' ould maid an' er nagur!

(ELMER attempts to sit on dough, RAY catches him by the arm)

Ray. Are you going to sit on aunt Sophy's bread? I was'n't aware that dough had such an attraction for you.

Bar. It's niver the doe, but the deer, sure!

(*hurriedly limps out R. E.*)

Elmer. I fear Barney will come to grief over his own puns. Well, I must away. I just came in to let you know that I am going out to the lighthouse.

Ray. In this storm! (to TABITHA) Take this bread out, will you, Tabby? (TABBY takes dough and exits R. E.—to ELMER) You surely will not attempt to launch the dory in such a high sea, and Eugene has let the large boat to a stranger who called here. (lightning)

Elmer. I must get out to the lighthouse, if possible. The light keeper is too old to manage the light alone, and his son is in a drunken stupor, down to the billiard hall.

Ray. The wretch! Oh! Elmer, I fear for your safety; I cannot

Let you go, I am afraid that you will be lost.

Enter JACKSON, C. E.

Elmer. Do you care very much, Ray?

Ray. (aside) What have I said? It is Drusie whom he loves!
(*aloud*) Of course I care, Elmer. Are you not my brother? But if it is your duty and you must go, go at once. The longer you delay the more dangerous it becomes. May Providence protect you and save the light!

Jack. (aside) The meddling whelp! but I'll frustrate his plans. I'll scuttle the other boat. *(exit C. E.)*

Elmer. Well, I'm off, little sister, never fear for me, I know this bay too well to get swamped in a squall like this. Good-bye.

Ray. Good-bye, and a safe return.

Elmer. Aye, aye!

(exit L. E.)

Ray. (looking out) How high the breakers are! and the sky is as black as ink. *(thunder and lightning)* Surely I saw a vessel! Mercy on us, I believe the light is out!

Enter JACKSON, R. E.

Jack. A bad storm, my dear.

Ray. Eugene, the light is out!

Jack. (aside) Safe! (*aloud*) Oh, no!

Ray. It is, and I thought I saw a vessel headed straight for the rocks. Look, and when the lightning flashes you can see it. *(thunder and lightning)* There! did you see it? Something must be done.

Jack. Nothing can be done by us. No boat can stand the force of those incoming waves.

Ray. And Elmer has just started for the lighthouse in the dory! Oh, Gene, do stop him! I'll go myself and stop him. *(starts L.)*

Jack. (catching her arm) Do you care so much for him? Has he won my treasure, while I have been trying to make a fortune for her?

Ray. Hush! Do not talk of such things, when human life is in peril.

Enter DRUSIAL, R. E.

Dru. There is a wreck! you can hear the cries of men along the shore. Something has happened to the light.

Ray. Oh, Eugene, do go and help them build fires. Why don't you go?

Dru. See: They have lighted beacon lights along the shore. Heaven bless the brave lads! The flames rise high, lighting up the whole bay. How the white crested breakers dash towards the shore. Ah! they bring something with them. It cannot be—yes, it is a human form!

Ray. (looking out of window, L. C.) Where? Oh, I see! Horror! A few moments and he will be dashed against the rocks! Gene, come with me, we must save him.

Jack. Are you mad? What can you do more than these men, who are already on the beach?

Ray. I shall put out a boat and save the man.

Jack. No boat could survive such a sea, besides there is only your little Seashell.

Ray. I can but try, (*turns L.*) I am no coward.

Jack. (*catching RAY'S wrist*) This is foolhardy! That little skiff will be swamped the moment it touches the water. (*lightning*)

Ray. (*wrestling herself free*) Are you a land sailor? (*runs out L.*)

Jack. May satan take the little fool!

Dru. Certainly you do not act like the fearless sailor that Eugene Burleigh is supposed to be. It will be better for you, Harvey Jackson, to drop the game you are playing. Sooner or later you will betray yourself.

Jack. Since when have you turned preacher? My game progresses finely and let me tell you, I am playing for the Erlescourt millions, which I will have if I wade in blood to secure them. (*thunder*)

Dru. Base wretch, there is a day of reckoning for such as you!

Jack. Be careful how you call names! Remember you are at my mercy.

Dru. I will remember that there is One who is a friend to the widow and the fatherless. (*turns to window*)

Jack. (*laughs*) Ha, ha, ha! (*exit L. E.*)

Dru. Ray has reached the drowning man—(*screams*) the boat has upset! No, it has righted and the man is climbing in, he has kept his senses well. Horror, they are drifting toward the rocks! Oh! no, there are lines attached and strong arms are drawing the little boat to the shore. (*cheering heard in the distance*) Hear the shouts and cheers—they are safe, safe!

Enter BARNEY, L. E.

Bar. (*dancing a breakdown*) Och, an' it's the little Miss as is ther shmartest marm on ther coast! It's er dead mon's loife she's ather savin' shure, an' it's helpin' him ter walk ter the house, she is.

Enter ELMER and RAY, leading EUGENE BURLEIGH, disguised as CAPT. BROWN, L. E.

Elmer. Sit down here, sir! and in a few minutes we will provide a more comfortable place for you. (*seats BURLEIGH by fireplace, L.*)

Dru. You are all of you drenched. Ray, come with me at once, I will send Tabby—

Burleigh. (*starting up*) Here?

(*falls back in a faint, DRUSILLA supports his head*)

Dru. Tabby! Tabby!

Enter TABBY, R. E.

Tabby. Hey! wot's de mattah?

Ray. Here is a man half drowned.

Tabby. An' you'se gwine ter git yo' def of cole, jess start yo'self and git off dem wet cloes.

Ray. But Tabby, this man—

Tabby. Don' go for to fret long ob he, dis ole nuss fotch he 'roun'.

Dru. I believe he is returning to consciousness!

Tabby. Lemme see. (*TABBY tips his head back and attempts to put her fingers in his mouth, he sits up and stares around*) Fought dat would brung he 'roun'.

(*distant thunder*)

Dru. Come Ray, and change your clothing.

Bur. I will not detain you long, but allow me to try to express my

thanks for the service rendered to me to-night. It was a brave deed, you have saved my life, and since I can offer you but these poor thanks, let me say, that if at any time this life can be made to serve you, I shall be only too happy to enlist it in your service.

Dru. (*aside*) That voice! (*looks earnestly at BURLEIGH*)

Ray. Do not speak of thanks. Come Drusie, I will go with you now. (*at door*) Take good care of your patient, Tabby.

(*exit DRUSILLA and RAY, R. E.*)

Tabby. Now dar, you Barney, start an' make er fire, quick ebber ye kin, in de bes' bed room. G'long dar, boy!

Elmer. If I can do no good here, I will go back to the shore, there may be more wrecks.

Bur. Go, by all means. I shall do quite well with nurse.

Elmer. Try to make yourself comfortable. Come, Barney, hurry.

(*exit ELMER and BARNEY, L. E.*)

Bur. (*rising to his feet, removes hat, wig and beard*) Well, old Snowball!

Tabby. Massa Gene! Dar now, I'se allus knowed todder one was a poster! Where yo' don been all dese years?

Bur. It is a long story. I got shipwrecked on my first voyage. As you could not read, I did not write to you, but wrote to aunt Sophy. I got no answer and after writing again and again, I concluded that, like uncle Nate, she had cast me off, so I wrote no more.

(*distant thunder*)

Tabby. Well I'se mighty glad you'se safe, an' I'll jess run an' tole Miss Sophy.

Bur. Stop! you must promise not to tell anyone who I am.

Tabby. Wall, if youse say so, I spec I mus', but Miss Sophy would be a heap pleased.

Bur. Hold up your right hand and swear—

Tabby. No sar, I jess won't, so dar! I'se 'longed to de Methody church fo' twenty years, an' I ain't gwine ter swear now an' upshot all ob dot preachin'.

Bur. Well, hold up your hand.

Tabby. (*holding up her hand*) Dar 'tis, but I'se ain't gwine ter swear.

Bur. Now, do you solemnly promise that whatever happens, you will never tell or hint to anyone that I am Eugene Burleigh, unless I give you leave?

Tabby. Sure an' solemn I dus promise, Massa Gene.

(*distant thunder*)

CURTAIN.



ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Same as Act 2nd.—stage darkened.*

Enter JACKSON, R. E.

Jack. Twelve o'clock, and where is Brock? If he fails me, I am undone! That Brown is in the way and must be disposed of. (*low whistle outside, L., JACKSON goes L. and calls*) Come in.

Enter BROCK, L. E.

Brock. Is the coast clear?

Jack. Yes, but be quiet, the old folks are in bed. The others are at the Thanksgiving ball. You didn't do that other job up clean. This Brown, who was saved from the wreck, I believe is a detective. At any rate he means to keep an eye on me.

Brock. He seems more taken up with the school ma'am than with you.

Jack. He is watching us both. I tell you he is a detective and you must get rid of him.

Brock. If you make it worth my while, I will settle his hash, but not till I have mouey in my hands. You have not settled for that other job yet.

Jack. Bosh, man, do you think I am made of money?

Brock. I know that you forged a check on old Erlescourt for two thousand dollars, and that sweet little innocent Elmer got it cashed for you. You can fork that over at once, or I'll have nothing to do with your dirty work.

Jack. But I have paid some of it out.

Brock. You paid it to Ellsworth and it lies in yonder desk, along with the rest of the old man's little pile, I think I may as well help myself. (noise at R.

Jack. Hark! Come down on the beach where we can plan our way without being disturbed. (exeunt L. E.

Enter BARNEY, R. E.

Bar. It's imply me stummick am gittin' about this toime. *(going in, brings in turkey on a platter, knife and fork, seats himself before table and begins to carce turkey, footsteps outside, he starts up and listens)* Faith, an' what am that? Shure an' it's ther ould woman!

(throws turkey into the flour barrel and hides himself under the lounge)

Enter DRUSILLA, R. E.

Dru. Again I must face the cold world, bear the insults of suspicious strangers, perhaps cold and starvation. Oh why must I be hunted from place to place? Captain Brown knows my secret, I am sure he does; he watches my every movement. Oh why does that man hunt me down. He seems so kind to every one but me! He must be a detective; if I stay here I shall be arrested. I cannot face the ignominy of death on the gallows. I must away. Farewell kind friends; farewell dear sister, I must leave you, but not unwarned. *(puts folded letter on table)* I will leave my letter here and may it save my darling Ray from that villain, Harvey Jackson. Thank heaven that he is away for the night! *(looks out L.)* How it storms! but I must go out into the darkness to-night. *(mournful music, exit D. E.)*

Bar. *(partly crawling from under lounge)* Begorra, an' what's ther manin' of that?

Enter EUGENE BURLEIGH, disguised as CAPT. BROWN, R. E.—BARNEY dodges back.

Bur. *(looking on table)* A note! *(takes it up)* For Ray, and in

Drusilla's hand! Well I guess I've as good right to read it as any one. *(opens and glances over letter)*

Enter JACKSON and BROCK, R. E., EUGENE faces them.

Al! you villains, why are you sneaking around here at this time of the night?

Jack. And I might ask the same of you?

Bur. I enter because I have a right. Harvey Jackson, your game is about played out! *(removes beard and wig)*

Jack. Eugene Burleigh!

Bur. Exactly.

Jack. You whelp, don't tempt me too far.

Bar. *(under lounge, aside)* Faith, an' Oi whist I had me shillalah!

Bur. It will not take much temptation to incite you to mischief. I do not fear you; through this letter I have learned how you deceived me in regard to my wife. Your career is ended.

BROCK who has been edging around behind BURLEIGH, strikes him on the head with a sand bag, BURLEIGH falls.

Brock. Wasn't that done neat? *(both stoop over BURLEIGH)*

Bar. Howly St. Patrick! ther murtherin' haythins!

Jack. Is he dead?

Brock. If he ain't, he soon will be. Catch hold here, we will throw him over the bluff.

Jack. I'll take care of the evidence first.

JACKSON takes letter and puts it in his overcoat pocket, BROCK picks up wig, etc., and throws them in the flour barrel.

Brock. Come, hurry! *(they pick up BURLEIGH and exit L. E)*

Bar. *(coming out and crossing himself)* Howly Mary purtect us! It's er murther shure, an' it's er brave bye yez am, Barney Ryan, *(trembles)* an' er brave dethective ye'll make. By me soul, it's awful wurruks as am going on ther noight! *(listens)* Begorra, an' it's another murtherin' divil er coomin'.

BARNEY makes frantic attempt to crawl under lounge, then suddenly darts under the table.

Enter ELMER, L. E.

Elmer. What shall I do? Oh! that I should be hunted like a criminal!

Enter JACKSON, L. E.

Jack. Hallo! what is the matter?

Elmer. You villain, this is your work! I have been arrested for passing the check which you gave me. It was forged and I have been followed from Chicago, and arrested to-night in the ball-room, I knocked the officer down and escaped, but he will soon be upon my track.

Jack. If that check was a forgery, the man who passed it on me, must have forged it, but you see, it was just made payable to the bearer, and I have no proof that anyone gave it to me. If I had time

I might clear it up, but if I get nabbed, we shall both be imprisoned and nobody to search out that scoundrel.

Elmer. Are you speaking the truth?

Jack. I aim to be a man of honor.

Bar. (*aside, under table*) Thin, begorra, it's er moighty poor shot yez am!

Elmer. Do you think you can find the man who gave you the check?

Jack. I am sure of it. He is a relative of the Erlescourt whose name appears on the check, and rather than have the family disgraced the old man will hush the matter up.

Elmer. Then I'll tell you what I will do, there is a vessel all ready to put out of the harbor. I'll get aboard of her and go to Cuba, meanwhile you have this business cleared up—all the disgrace removed from my name, mind—

Jack. I will, Elmer, you are a noble boy. (*throws his overcoat around ELMER'S shoulders*) Take my coat, in the pocket you will find money to help you away. I shall clear this affair up soon as possible, and will then send a letter to the United States consul.

Elmer. You will explain my departure to the family?

Jack. Certainly. Good-bye.

Elmer. Good-bye. Take good care of Ray. (*exit c. E.*)

Jack. The simple fool! "Take good care of Ray," that I will, such good care that you will never see her again, you catspaw.

Enter BROCK, L. E.

Brock. Well, that job is done. Now where is the money?

Jack. (*taking roll of bills from his pocket, hands them to BROCK*) Here are two thousand dollars, every cent I have in the world, but I shall have been robbed, you know.

Brock. (*taking keys from his pocket, fits them to lock of drawer in desk*) That is all right, when the other victims send up their howls, it won't do for you to be flush. (*opens drawer*) Quite a little pile here. (*BARNEY under the table, makes gestures.*)

Jack. (*searching his own pockets and looking about*) The devil!

Brock. (*filling his pockets from drawer*) What now?

Jack. I've given Elmer, Drusilla's letter, which contains my whole history.

Brock. A sort of xray photo of your inwards, hey? How the dence—

Jack. Don't stop to talk, come with me. Unless I get it back, I am undone. (*both run out L.*)

Bar. (*comes out from under table*) Bad cess to yez! (*shakes fist towards L. E.*) Oi'll be afther seein' to it that yez won't git in here the noight ag'in sure. I'll be afther lockin' ther dure. (*goes L. and locks door*) Faith an' it's wakes wather I'm fallin'. It's all along of me impty stummick. It's a bit of turky oi'll have. Howly St. Patrick an' won't it be er shtory ye'll be afther tellin' ther marnin'. Barney Ryan! (*goes to flour barrel and takes out turkey with wig on it*) Begorrah now, it's an ould fellah yez am ter be wearin' er wig! (*listens*) Oh, ther divil now!

(*jumps into flour barrel and pulls on the cover*)

Enter TABBY, R. E.

Tabby. Now I jess like ter know w'at all dese yer noises am? Dar's doah's open an' shettin', an' rumblin's dat shake de whole house, sides dat I hear's whisperin'. Law's a massy, wot's been at dot bar'l? Some buddy been stealin' flour, it am all ober de flo'.

TABITHA goes to barrel and attempts to remove cover, BARNEY holds it—she pulls till he lets it go, she staggers back with the cover, he covered with flour, springs up with a yell; she flinging the cover on the floor, runs to R., shrieking.

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.—Same as Act 2nd, scene 1st.

Enter JACKSON, R. E.

Jack. Fortune favors the brave! How well the affair of last night was managed—not a trace of my hand through it all! Anybody can commit a crime, but it takes a wise man to cover his tracks. I wonder what the deuce that old negress could have seen! It might have been that wig. What became of that wig is a mystery—

Enter BARNEY, R. E., slightly intoxicated.

Bar. Ther wig waze it? Thin (hic) begorra, where's the fellah phwat belongs to it? (hic.)

Jack. Look here, boy, what do you know of the happenings of last night?

Bar. Och, it's little oi'll be tellin' yez, (hic) ye murtherin' thafe!

Jack. Last night was not the first time robbery has been committed in this town. About three weeks ago Mr. Consin's grocery store was broken into and robbed of a large quantity of cigars and cider, which the thief hid, not forty miles from here. Breaking and entering means the State prison, Barney.

Bar. Begorra, an' I waz afther thinkin' yez was fri'nds wid ther divil, but now it's mesilf as knows yez air ther ould ovil one hissilf!

Jack. I see my story has sobered you a little. Now let me caution you. Don't talk too much about what you saw last night, for it would be setting me a bad example. Do you understand?

Bar. Faix, an' it's kape my secret an' oi'll kape yours. Nades moost whin ther divil dhrives, sor!

Jack. Exactly. You want to keep a still tongue, my boy, so don't make too free with the whiskey.

(*exit L. E.*)

Bar. Ther whiskey! Whiskey! Faith an' why warn't oi thinkin' of that same afore? It's ther kay what's unlocks a bye's mouth and sinds his secrets er whizin'. It's drunk I waz whin I intered ther shtore windy an' sthole ther stoof. An' it's drunk oi moost have been whin oi tould it to that blarneyin' divil—Barney, me bye, if yez iver thaste er ddrop of sthrong dhrink ag'in, may yez see as mony snakes as St. Pathrick driv out of ould Ireland! By me soul, it's ther pledge oi'll take!

RACHEL, THE FIRE WAIF.

Enter RAY, R. E.

Ray. Well said, Barney, and may you keep your good resolution. Strong drink is the curse of your country and of mine.

Bar. It is that, an' it's mesilf as will have no more of it. (*aside at L. E.*) Its falin' meaner thin ther thafe oi be, ter see the loikes of her wapin' fer ther bye—whin, if I dared spake me moind, it would be afther clarin' iverythin' oop! (*exit L. E.*)

Ray. (*sitting on lounge*) Oh, what a sad day! Only yesterday I was so happy, only yesterday that I promised to be Elmer's wife, and now—

Enter JACKSON, C. E.

Jack. And now you have found out that he is a villain. You have had a lucky escape, Ray, and should rejoice.

Ray. Oh, I cannot believe him guilty!

Jack. But I know he is.

Ray. You know it?

Jack. Yes, he confessed his guilt to me, and I helped him away. This is a secret, mind.

Ray. Why did he do this crime? How did he know Mr. Erlescourt, of Chicago, well enough to copy his signature?

Jack. Well, my opinion is that Miss Sterling, or whatever her name may be, led him into it, and quite likely will share his ill-gotten gains.

Ray. I cannot believe it, I have loved them both too fondly!

Jack. You must know that such a confession cannot be pleasing to me. Ray, you promised, should Elmer prove unworthy of your love, to marry me. Will you keep your word?

Ray. I did not dream of such a dreadful thing as this.

Jack. Well I did, I told you he was a rascal. Now sweetheart, will you be mine? (*sits on lounge*)

Ray. Give me time.

Jack. How long must I wait?

Ray. At the end of three months, if Elmer is not proven innocent, I will give you my hand. I have no heart to give.

Jack. My darling you shall never regret this promise.

Ray. Perhaps not.

Enter NATHAN, L. E.

Nate. (*sinking into a chair*) It's no use, there ain't no signs of gittin' our money back. I jest told the detective to let 'em go. I'd rather loose the money than have Elmer put in prison, but it appears that they are after him fer forgery. I don't understand it. Elmer allus has been a good boy, though I spect 'twas born in him. His mother was a strange woman and 'peared to be hidin'—skeered about ter death if she seed er stranger comin'. Ye see I picked her up out at sea. She was all there was left of a steamer full of passengers, and she wasn't left fer long, poor thing, she died about six weeks afterwards. I'm afeard she was a bad lot an' Elmer took after her. They say, blood will tell.

Enter SOPHY, C. E., in time to hear the last remark.

Sophy. Nate Ellsworth, you're the most obstinate man, and the biggest fool for one of your years, that I ever see! Elmer is no bad lot an' never was. It's my opinion that it's all a put up job.

Nate. Well, my money has gone, and so has Elmer and your other pets.

Sophy. I don't deny that I was fond of 'em all, but I do say that I never was fool enough to think of marryin' one of 'em, an' if it hadn't been for me, you would have made a fool of yourself by askin' Miss Sterling to marry you.

Nate. Humph! Let's go down to the village, Gene.

Jack. Speaking of marrying reminds me that I have yet to ask your blessing on my engagement. This ray of sunshine has promised to brighten my future life.

Nate. (to RAY) Bless you my child, you have made the old man's heart glad.

Sophy. She has, has she? We'll see about that. I'll shut her up on bread an' water first!

Jack. Don't be too severe, aunt Sophy, you may want to live with us in your old age. *(exit NATHAN and JACKSON, L. E.)*

Sophy. Live with him indeed! Young woman, I'd like to know why you have lent yourself to this schemer?

Ray. Oh, aunt Sophy, don't blame me! Indeed I did it for the best. Eugene has promised to reform if I would marry him.

Sophy. Promised! What is a man's promise good for? Drat 'em; yes, drat the men, drat every one of 'em? *(furiously, exit R. E.)*

Enter TABITHA, R. E.

Tabby. Law's a massy, Miss Fiffy, wat am de mattah wid de ole Miss? She done hit up agin me, an' nigh 'bout frowed me frou de wall.

Ray. Poor aunt Sophy is offended with me, I fear—aunty. *(puts her arms around TABITHA)* you will give me a blessing on my wedding day, won't you?

Tabby. Hi! dat 'pends, chile. Who'se you gwine ter marry?

Ray. Eugene, and you shall live with us.

Tabby. He dot's jess gone out?

Ray. (nods) Yes.

Tabby. Oh, Miss Fiffy, don't do it! I done get down on my mar-
rer bones *(drops heavily on her knees)* an' prays yer ter hab noffin' ter do wid he—

Ray. Stop!

(exit C. E.)

Tabby. (rising to her feet) De contrary little jass ax! I'se done made er mess ob it now. Gals allus done marry de fellah er buddy axes 'em not to. Oh, wat I gwine ter do? Oh! Massa Gene. Massa Gene, come an' tell ye po' ole nuss wat ter do! Oh, dat drefful promise, *(wrings her hands)* an' dot drefful 'ting I seed las' night!

Enter BARNEY, C. E.

Bar. (takes roll of paper, tied with a green ribbon, from the breast of his coat, unrolls and spreads out a paper about six feet long, covered with pen scratches) An' this am er shure cure for sayin' st'range soights. Lave off dhrinkin' frozen cider an' wroite yez name here, an' it's

niver anither spook will yez be afther saying.

Tabby. Wat on airth am dat?

Bar. Faith, an' it's ther pledge, sure! It's mesilf as has writ me name er dozen toimes.

Tabby. I'se glad ter know as you'se has pented of you'se upsottin' sin, but don' you'se sinuate dot I'se toxified las' night. I'se er lady, Barney Ryan, an' toxification am my special abomnableness, so dah!

Bar. Perhaps it's yersilf as can't be afther writin' yez name. Shall oi be writin' it for yez?

Tabby. Clar out yer gump head, wat you know 'bout writin'? I'se been ter school, I'd hab you know.

Bar. An' so have oi jist! An' it loiked to hab been ther death of me shure. Begorra, an' oi hadn't soigned ther pledge thin, but whin oi got into that school, it was a could wather man oi was ter onct.

Tabby. I jess like ter know when ebber you'se been in er school.

Bar. Well, thin it was whin oi fell into er schule of fish.

(holds pencil and paper towards TABITHA, as curtain falls)

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—*Handsome parlor in HARVEY JACKSON'S house, New York—*
RAY seated in easy chair, her head bowed on her hand.

Ray. Oh, this keeping up appearances before the world! How I long for my old home by the sea, dear old aunt Sophy and uncle Nate. How glad I would be, could I blot out the past two years and find myself back in the old home, with Elmer and Drusie as guiltless as I then believed them. But it cannot be, I am the wife of a gambler and libertine, a man who supports this house with money swindled from others. Oh, that I dared flee from him! Alas, I dare not, he would wreak his vengeance on those I love!

Enter JACKSON, R. E.

Jack. Mopeing and mumbling, as usual! Confound you, stir around and bring some color into your face.

Ray. Color! I should have color, certainly, I ought to blush with shame to know I am the wife of such a man.

JACKSON takes RAY'S chin with one hand, with the other slaps first one cheek then the other.

Ray. *(springing up)* You scoundrel!

Jack. I'll see if you can't look a little less limp. I despise such a milk and water hussy. Why, the fellows about town are actually hinting that I don't treat you well, you are so dumpish. Come now, see if you can't get ready some time to-night for the Harwold ball.

Ray. I shall not go.

Jack. Very well, sulk if you want to. I shall spend the evening with Madame Ducette,

Ray. As you like,

(exit R. E.)

Enter BROCK, L. E.

Brock. Hallo! old fellow, ready for the ball?

Jack. I have decided not to attend.

Brock. Your better half up to her tantrums again? I tell you, old boy, don't crowd her too hard, or she may step out.

Jack. Humph! Look here, when is Erlescourt to die?

(BARNEY looks in C. E.)

Brock. Heavens, man, how do I know? Do you take me for a seer?

Jack. I take you for an accursed scoundrel. I'm in no mood to be trifled with. I'm getting sick of this game, I want money. Erlescourt must die.

Brock. If I am a scoundrel, it is you who have made me so.

Jack. Are you to do the job? If not—

Brock. Well, if not?

Jack. You swing for what you have done.

Brock. I will do it.

Jack. Let it be to-night, then. He always drinks a cup of chocolate before going to bed, a few grains of arsenic in his sugar, and he is out of the way. Then I shall claim a share of the property in behalf of my wife, finish her off and then for a life of luxury with Madame, the beautiful!

Brock. Don't be in too great haste, your passion for that woman will expose you, unless you are careful.

Jack. "Better be off with the old love before you're on with the new," eh! Well, I shall look to you to rid me of the old love as soon as she get's her grandpapa's chink. Come, I will await the tidings of my beloved old grandpa-in-law's death in Madam Ducett's parlor.

(both go L.—exit JACKSON, L. E.)

Brock. You'll wait then till the devil calls you. I've done all of your dirty work that I am going to do, I've found out who killed my Odelie, my innocent sweet girl-wife. I found you out. Murderer, thief, gambler, forger, and the Lord knows how many more crimes you are guilty of. You have robbed me of my honor and murdered my wife, but I'll be avenged. Your doom is sealed.

Jack. (outside) Where the devil are you, Roger, are you going with me?

Brock. Coming right along, old man.

(exit L. E.)

Enter BARNEY, C. E.

Bar. Och, ye spalpeens, it's mesilf as has had me eyes on yez. There's divil er cigar hid now, an' ther grocer's paid for 'em, ivery cint, but there's er hape against yez, an' it's Barney Ryan as will bring yez ter the galluses yit.

(exit L. E.)

Enter SOPHY and NATHAN, C. E.

Sophy. Well, things look purty nice here, but that ain't no sign that our Rachel is happy. I jest know she ain't.

Nate. Well, I heerd that Gene was livin' purty fast, but things look all right—at any rate they ain't poor.

Sophy. Poverty ain't the wust thing in the world. I suppose you're bound to take his part, seeing that you advised Ray to marry him, but it's a great pity that you couldn't have overlooked small

faults afore you turned him out to drift into evil. He isn't the same boy he was then.

Enter ELMER, L. E., coat and hat.

Elmer. That is a fact, aunt Sophy.

Sophy. Elmer!

(runs to meet him)

Nate. Well, I'll be darned if you ain't got cheek!

Elmer. Yes, uncle Nate, a real Yankee for cheek. *(puts arm around SOPHY, extends other hand to NATE)* Won't you shake hands?

Nate. Afore I tech them hands o' your'n, I want to know what they've been into.

Elmer. You take nothing on trust, eh? Well, I have quite a story to tell.

Enter RAY, R. E.

Ray. Elmer!

Elmer. My dear Ray, my dear wronged sister!

Nate. Wronged?

Elmer. Yes, wronged. The man who is her husband is an imposter.

Sophy. I told you so!

Enter BURLEIGH, L. E.

Elmer. Eugene Burleigh stands before you.

(all turn towards BURLEIGH)

Bur. *(taking NATHAN'S hand)* May I hope, the good will that you have shown my counterfeit, may be extended to me. *(taking SOPHY'S hand)* and that you, my dear aunt, will cease all hostile feelings towards Eugene Burleigh?

Sophy. I don't know, this is rather curis. If I ain't mistaken, you are the one who called himself Captain Brown.?

Bur. Yes, but I was not Captain Brown, as Tabby might have told you.

Sophy. And did that ignorant old donkey know you and still let that fraud go on? And you, why did you allow that sneak to marry my Rachel?

Nate. Easy, Sophy, easy—I feel sort of bewildered like. Jest explain this a little and give me some proof.

Bur. All in good time, uncle Nate, it is a long story.

ELMER and RAY have been talking in pantomime—ELMER now gives RAY a letter.

Elmer. Read this letter, Ray, and then give it to uncle Nate. It explains a great many mysteries. I found it in the pocket of Harvey Jackson's overcoat.

Ray. Who is Harvey Jackson?

Elmer. Your husband.

Bur. I must tell you why I did not prevent the marriage. I intended to expose him, but Jackson and his accomplice got ahead of me and threw me over the cliff, thinking they had killed me. The water revived me and I clung to a floating timber that drifted out to sea. I was picked up by a foreign vessel, not a soul on board who

could speak English; so I was carried off to South America. The next I heard from home was Ray's marriage.

Ray. (who has been looking over the letter) And Drusie was your wife?

Bur. Drusie is my wife.

Ray. And my sister?

Enter DRUSILLA and ERLESCOURT, C. E.

Dru. (putting her arms around RAY) Yes, Drusie is your sister. (they embrace) Cleared from all blame, rich in the love of a noble husband, blessed with a dear sister and the kindest of grandfathers, what more can I ask? Ray, let me present our grandfather, Everard Erlescourt.

Sophy. Heavens and airth!

(snatches off her bonnet and throws it on the floor)

Erlescourt. (taking both RAY's hands) My darling child, I need no proof to convince me that you are mine, you are the image of my young bride, your grandmother. I am happier to-night than I ever hoped to be again in this life, my old heart thrills with joy.

Enter BARNEY, L. E.

Bar. An' well it moight! Faix an' it coom nigh niver batein' agin, shure!

Ray. Barney, you should not intrude in such a rude manner—my dear grandfather—

Bar. Inthru, are it? Faix, an' ther ould gintleman ought ter be afther thaukin' ther saints fer me lack of manners, thin! It's mesilf are joost inthru'ded on yer spalpeen of er husband and locked him into ther suller. (drawing a revolver from his pocket) He stood forenist ther windy wid this pinte'd at ther ould gintleman, but it's Barney Ryan as got ther best of him! Och, it's er dethective Oi am.

BARNEY catching hold of SOPHY, begins to dance a breakdown, trampling her bonnet, she fights and scolds.

Elmer. (seizing BARNEY) Stop! tell us what you mean.

Bar. Mane? Why I locked ther bogus Burleigh into ther sullur, an' sint fer ther perlace.

Sophy. Barney Ryan, do you mean to say that Ray's husband was about to shoot into this window?

Bar. He had his shooter pinte'd that way, sure.

(SOPHY steps quickly out of range of window)

Bur. Did you lock him in the basement without assistance?

Bar. Er—er—another feller helped soom. (exit R. E.)

Bur. (to company) Barney has been of invaluable assistance in procuring evidence against Harvey Jackson, whom many of you have known as Eugene Burleigh. He is a cousin to Drusie and Ray, and grandson to Mr. Erlescourt. Mr. Erlescourt made a will long ago, bequeathing his property to his two granddaughters, and that will has not been changed, though Ray was believed to have perished in the Chicago fire. Therefore Harvey Jackson's plot. We have had detectives watching him night and day for a long time. It appears that one of them with Barney's help, has captured him, and officers will soon be here to take him away. Ray, I wish it might,

have been possible to have spared you this dishonor—

Ray. Don't! Anything is to be preferred to what I have endured the last year.

Nate. I'll be darned if I ain't dumb-founded!

Erlescourt. (*giving his hand to NATHAN*) Sir, you have been a father to my son's orphaned daughter, and a friend to the other in her greatest need. I can find no words to thank you.

Nate. Don't try, sir, I'm only a rough old sailor, but I tried to deal justly by my charge, and she has been a blessing to me. Like a blind old fool I induced her to marry a scoundrel—

Sophy I told you so, Nate Ellsworth!

Nate. I am sorry for it.

Enter BROCK, I. E.

Brock. I am sorry for it too. I have but a few moments of liberty left me, yet I come here to ask pardon of you, Mrs.—Ray—I cannot call you by your husband's name—will you forgive me for allowing you to be so wronged?

Ray. I will try.

Brock. Thank you, I can expect no more. I shall endeavor to undo the mischief that I have done by ridding you of the wretch you call husband. I have turned states evidence, and officers are even now at the door to arrest Harvey Jackson for murder.

Ray. Murder?

Sophy. My stars!

Brock. Yes, murder. He shot my wife and caused me to believe that Eugene Burleigh did it, he also attempted to kill Burleigh and caused his wife, Drusilla, to believe that she had accidentally done the deed herself.

Erlescourt. Do you expect to go free, after the part you have taken in his crimes?

Brock. No, I expect to end my days in prison, but Harvey Jackson will hang.

(*explosion, followed by red light, R., BROCK falls to the floor*)

Enter TABITHA, C. E.

Tabby. Run, run! Massa done sot fire to ther gas an' blowed de house up!

Enter BARNEY, R. E., on a run.

Bar. Run fer yer loives, ther house am er burnin' up! Och, ther bloody haythin he's got away this toime, for he's kilt entirely.

Nate. (*runs L., looks out*) Heavens, the hall is a mass of ruins. We cannot escape that way.

Dru. Is there no escape? Must we all perish?

Bur. You forget the firemen, my dear, they will soon be here. (*kneeling beside BROCK, turns him over*) Great heavens, the man is dead!

Omnes. Dead!

Bur. Yes, his head came in contact with something that has killed him.

Bar. (*who has been running from one place of exit to another*) Dade is he? Howly St. Patrick, but it's thar same as we'll all be, if we

don't be afther gittin' out of this.

(runs toward R.)

Elmer. (who has been looking out R.) Come friends, *(puts his arm around RAY)* keep up courage, Ray, I will save you. There is no way but through the flames.

All huddle together, while ELMER and RAY turn R.—intense red light—bells and shouts outside.

CURTAIN.

Curtain rises immediately, shows tableau with Fireman on stage—red fire.

THE END.



Farmer Larkin's Boarders.



A Comedy in 2 acts, by Merit Osborn, for 5 male and 4 female characters. Time of playing 1 hour.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

Farmer Larkin's son, Jack, who has become tired of farm life, desires to go to the city to make his fortune—his father objects, and a few angry words decides Jack. He leaves the old home, and for five years nothing is heard of him, much to his father's regret. During this time, owing to failure in crops, Farmer Larkin is obliged to mortgage his farm; the mortgage is past due, and will be foreclosed in a short time, unless paid. He sees no way to get the money, but decides to take some boarders for the summer. Mr. Wendell, a wealthy gentleman from the city, who is interested in the extension of the L. Road, with his family, have secured board at Farmer Larkin, also Mr. O'Houlihan, an Irish Alderman of the Fourteenth Ward, and an admirer of Miss Wendell. Jack disguised as a tramp, returns home, but his father recognizes him and is overjoyed to see him. Farmer Larkin and wife discussing ways and means to prevent the foreclosure of the mortgage, is overheard by Jack, who decides the farm shall not be sold, goes secretly and pays off the claim, much to his parents joy and surprise, as they supposed he returned home as poor as when he left them. The summer outing resulted in the betrothal of Jack and Lucy, O'Houlihan and Miss Wendell, and the extension of the L. Road.

Price 15 cents.

Handy Andy.



An Irish Drama in 2 ac's, by W. R. Floyd, for 10 male and 3 female characters. Time of playing 1 hour and 10 minutes.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

Squire Egan, an Irish gentleman of the best type, has a young friend, Edward O'Connor, a suitor for the hand of Miss Fanny Dawson. The young lady's father will not consent to her marrying Edward, unless he is successful in a lawsuit that he has commenced in order to recover some large properties kept from him by some legal hocus-pocus. The party opposed to Edward is one Squire O'Grady, and he contrives to keep so close, that the process of the court, ordering him to procure certain papers, cannot be served upon him. Squire Egan has a young "broth of a boy" about his establishment, nick-named Handy Andy. The boy was supposed to be a foundling, and had been reared from childhood by the charity of the humble mother of one Oonah Rooney. Handy Andy, although a capital rider and huntsman, is a decided failure as a valet; and if there are two ways of doing a thing—the right and the wrong Handy is sure to give the wrong the preference. But he is such a perfect specimen of good humor, and so obliging withal, that Egan can't bring himself to part with him, even when he brings him hot water for shaving in a bucket. Mad Nancy, reputed to be a crazy woman, has more sense than they suppose, and very effectually works to recover O'Connor's lauds, and to get hold of her marriage certificate, the latter being in possession of Squire O'Grady. All through the piece, Handy's ridiculous blunderings lighten up the dark incidents. Eventually, Mad Nancy contrives to seize the documents from O'Grady, which renders Edward O'Connor and his love, Fanny Dawson, happy, and restores her, Nancy, to the ranks of honest women, making at the same time her son, Handy, the possessor of a title and a handsome property, and thus enabling him to marry the pretty peasant girl, Oonah Rooney, the daughter of the poor woman, who had sheltered him in his childhood.

Price 15 cents.

Katie's Deception;

—OR,—

The Troublesome Kid.

Farce in 1 act, by W. L. Bennett, 4 male and 2 female characters. Costumes modern. Time of playing, 30 minutes. A bright sparkling farce for amateurs. Good negro character. Farmer from "Way back" answers Katie's matrimonial advertisement. Characters are all good. Price 15 cents.

Our Family Umbrella.

A Comedietta in 2 acts, by E. E. Cleveland, 4 male and 2 female characters. Scenery interior. Costumes modern. The old man character is excellent, is always buying umbrellas, but never has one when needed. Amateurs will find this a good after-piece. Price 15c.

Yacob's Hotel Experience.

Farce in 1 act by B. F. Eberhart, 3 male characters. Time of playing 20 minutes. This will make a good after-piece. The dutchman is immense. His experience in a first class hotel is uproarously funny—

HOME RULE.

A Charade in 2 scenes, by the author of Yacob's Hotel Experience, 8 male and 3 female characters. Time of playing, 20 minutes. Price 15 cents.

Joan of Arc Drill.

A Spectacular Shepherd drill for 8 to 16 girls, by B. F. Eberhart. This drill is simple and easy to get up, requiring no scenery, can be produced indoor or out, no special music is needed in the march. Costume, Shepherd girls dress—girls carry a Shepherd's crook. A diagram gives the line of march, so it is easily understood. Ends with a tableau of Joan of Arc at the stake. Price 15 cents.

Under the American Flag.

A Spanish American Drama in 4 acts, by Hilton Coon, for 6 male and 3 female characters. Time of playing, 2 hours and 15 minutes.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Home of General Romero F. Nerverra, Manilla—A prisoner of war.

ACT II.—Ramparts of the Fort de Santiago—The escape.

ACT III.—The same—The bombardment of Manilla.

ACT IV.—The land of the free—Patrick O'Roogan's home near Fort Hamilton, Cal.—Two weeks later. Price, 25cts.

WHO'S WHO; OR ALL IN A FOG.

A farce in one act, by Thomas J. Williams, for 3 male and 2 female characters. Costumes modern. Time for representation, 40 minutes. The series of amusing situations are brought about by a number of cases of mistaken identity. Everybody is mistaken for everybody else, and the complications arising are extremely laughable. The characters are all capital, and the piece never fails to divert an audience. Price, 15cts.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

A farce in 1 act, by J. B. Buckstone, as played at the Park Theatre, N. Y., for 2 male and 4 female characters. Time of playing, 40 minutes. The entanglements in which an amorous, elderly gentleman finds himself because of his roundabout way of "popping the question," are deliciously funny, while the culminating scene between himself and the two old maids is one of the most comical things ever witnessed. Easy to play, and always brings down the house. Requires no scenery. Price, 15cts.

A NEW TEMPERANCE FARCE, ENTITLED

"Switched Off,"

BY LIZZIE MAY ELWYN.

Author of "Dot, the Miner's Daughter," for 8 female characters, can double to 6. Parlor scene. Time of playing, 25 minutes. Mrs. Marsh advocates the moderate use of liquor—her daughter returning home from school, hears of her mother's views, and with some girl friends, decide to switch her off the whiskey track, with the aid of two Irish servants. They show up the moderate use of liquor in a way that soon convinces Mrs. Marsh, that to abolish it entirely, is the only safe way. Grandmother Taylor, a strong temperance woman, speaks her mind freely. The result is that all sign the temperance pledge. A tip top farce—full of fun—characters all good.

Price, 15cts

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102	Turn of the Tide.....	7 4	87	Cousin Joshua.....	1 1
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COMEDIES.					
324	A Day in a Doctor's Office.....	5 1	49	Der Two Surprises.....	1 1
136	A Legal Holiday.....	5 3	72	Deuce is in Him.....	5 1
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124	An Afflicted Family.....	7 5	230	Dutchy vs. Nigger.....	3 0
2-7	Caught in the Act.....	7 3	188	Dutch Prize Fighter.....	3 0
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178	Caste.....	5 3	148	Eh? W at Did You Say.....	3 1
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329	A Valets, Mistake.....	5 4	186	My Day and Now-a-Days.....	0 1
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